

The News Scimitar

PUBLISHED BY THE MEMPHIS NEWS SCIMITAR COMPANY

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to The News Scimitar, and also the local news published herein.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By carrier, 10c per week. By mail, postage paid, 1 month, \$2.50; 3 months, \$7.50; 6 months, \$13.50; 12 months, \$25.00. In advance.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. If you have trouble about getting your paper, call Main 2254 and the matter will be given immediate attention. After 5 p.m. and Sundays, call Main 1635.

PAUL BLOCK, INC., Special Representatives, 100 N. Main, St. Louis, Mo. Little Building, Boston; Krasa Building, Detroit.

14-15.

One Campaign at a Time.

The question before the Democrats of Tennessee in the August primary and the November election is not the selection of a successor to Senator Shields, whose term expires in 1923, nor the selection of a successor to Senator McKellar, whose term expires in 1924. Those who lead in the denunciation of Senator Shields and the ridicule of Gov. Roberts are less concerned with the prospect for a Republican governor next year than they are with the election of their kind of a senator two years hence.

No Democrat will be blinded to the issue by the trumpeting of a small and selfish minority.

The Republicans are prepared to put up a stiff fight in November. They have been heartened and encouraged in the determination by the denunciation of one element of the Democratic party by another element. The denunciation is effective the Republicans have just cause for glee.

The allegiance of the Democrats to their party will not be affected by the criticism of Senator Shields, presented to the convention by a disappointed seeker after a gubernatorial office, and by a gentleman whose chief distinction is that he was once a member of the legislature, and harped upon by two newspapers, each with a candidate for the United States senate.

The convention that criticized Shields threw Lea out of the convention with his protesting. The convention, though, voted by a gentleman whose chief distinction is that he was once a member of the legislature, and harped upon by two newspapers, each with a candidate for the United States senate.

If the platform is sacred in one respect it is sacred in all respects, and those who demand that Senator Shields comply with the demand for a federal official can not consistently decline to demand of the Democrats of the state that they support Roberts in accordance with the platform declaration.

The Passing of Hoover.

The Democratic party was not the party for Mr. Hoover, who exercised the right of a free American in making his choice. It is not yet apparent that the Republican party suited him better in some particulars, though his previous "afflictions" were with that party, and it would be too soon for the Democrats to go out of business without a struggle because he slighted them.

Mr. Hoover will prove to be the best friend the Democrats have had this whole presidential year if they take to heart the lesson he has given them.

A little prayerful self-communing in order for the Democratic party. For this exercise let it regard Mr. Hoover not as an individual, but as the average independent citizen with an unmarked ballot in his hand. Let him stand for the millions who are waiting to see what sort of a program the party is going to offer in November before they make up their minds.

Mr. Hoover was diffident at first about joining the Republicans because he was afraid they did not stand for the treaty. "I must stand for the party that stands for the treaty." The Democrats then stood high in his estimation because he thought they stood for the treaty.

Then Mr. Hoover renounced the Democrats and went over to the Republicans because of "treaty developments." He had seen that the Democrats were really less interested in the treaty than in the dialectics it gave rise to. It was a question of how to do it, and how to cross a "U" and on these matters the Democrats held undying convictions which they would not compromise though the whole treaty was lost.

All along Mr. Hoover took it for granted that the sober elements of both parties favored the treaty. The Americans' reservations to the covenant which was to define our participation in the league of nations.

And so the sober Democrats did. They offered their reservations, which agreed in substance with those offered by the Republicans. It is forgotten now just what was the difference between the McKellar compromise reservations, but it is believed that one document was written on pink stationery and the other on foolscap. But the Democrats were adamant.

Whatever it was they failed to agree on, the failure was certainly fatal to the treaty, and we are still in a state of war with Germany. No wonder Mr. Hoover was disgusted with the obstructionist minority party.

The Democratic party mourns Hoover not because he is Hoover, but because he is representative of so many millions of others. They fear that there will go as he has gone. And so they will if the party assembled at San Francisco does not remember the time that it is a political party with responsibilities, and not a summer school on debating.

The Republicans claim to be a race of rail-splitters, and the utmost that some of the Democrats aspire to be is a league of hair-splitters.

The Channel Tunnel.

We hope the delightful insularity of the "Little Englanders" will not be adversely affected, but it is a fact that the days of Britanna as an island are numbered. The British and French governments, after listing the idea for a century, have at last ordered their mutual distrust and ordered their engineers to go ahead with the construction of a tunnel to connect England with the mainland.

Napoleon dreamed of a canal tunnel as he dreamed of other beautiful schemes which would put England at

his mercy, and with an equal lack of effect. But in 1875 the two nations had come to such good terms of understanding that the channel was actually planned and started at both ends; at which point a sudden panic seized the "Little Englanders" and the work was called off. In 1904 the proposal went far into the talking stage again.

What with the power of modern explosives, so simply demonstrated in the war, it is absurd to think that France or any conceivable continental enemy in time of war could operate the tunnel to England's disadvantage, even if both ends of it could be seized.

To England it is just as important to be able to destroy the tunnel as it is to be able to construct it, and the same means will be amply provided. For that matter, it ought to be easy, since the tunnel will consist of a pair of tubes laid only fifty feet below the surface.

Let It Alone.

The Democratic national convention has not no business tampering with the liquor question.

The Republicans failed in many respects, but they had the wisdom to keep silent on the liquor question.

National prohibition is a part of the organic law of the nation. The Eighteenth amendment is a part of the constitution, as sacred as any part of it. It declares it to be forever illegal to manufacture, sell or transport intoxicating liquors.

The Volstead act, declaring anything in liquid form containing one-half of one per cent alcohol to be intoxicating, defines the term "intoxicating liquor."

We have national prohibition. We have state prohibition. We have federal prohibition enforcement agents, and we have state laws requiring its enforcement.

Mr. Burleson has gone to San Francisco rampant and snorting for the repeal of the "drastic and absurd provisions" of the Volstead law.

Our own beloved Charles F. Murphy, with a delegation of select Democrats that have passed through the political crucible and come forth bright and shining, symbolic of the purifying influence of Tammany hall, is there to second the motion of Mr. Burleson.

Mr. Burleson is only a member of the cabinet, and therefore it is not assumed that he knows the attitude of the president on liquor or any other question.

Mr. Murphy, however, knows that the native born of the great un-American city want their beer and the foreigners of the world's melting pot want their wines, and as for Mr. Murphy, he merely wants to smoke his pipe in peace and continue undisturbed as master of the wigwag.

On the other hand, the great mass of the people are satisfied with prohibition. It is the realization of their work for more than a decade.

The incorporation of prohibition in the national constitution should end the agitation. It is with us to stay. We have it because the people want it, and even if the Democratic convention should recommend a return to 25 per cent, or beer, or 4 per cent, the real old-time brew, or 10 per cent, which would let in light wine, the people would continue to elect members of congress pledged not to observe the platform provision.

Prison Life De Luxe.

The clever reporter who styles himself "Van," but whose official name is No. 78,391, describes in a recent number of the Sing Sing Bulletin the vaudeville show put on by the local stars by the talented residents of that interesting summer colony.

The Sing Sing orchestra of trained musicians, of course, offered plenty of melody for the occasion, both classical and otherwise. It seems they not only played "The Cavalleria" from the "Suite L'Arlésienne," but as a concert piece the unphotographed visitors in the audience they played such things as "When a Peach From Georgia Weds a Rose From Alabama."

They had a Scotch comedian with a high-class burr, and number something-or-other put up a Hebrew monologue that was a real hoot.

Quite a number of the artists on the program were big-time people. As for the two blackface forget-me-nots, the enthusiastic critic writes: "Some manager had better time three boys the day their bits end and sign 'em up'."

They had all the other turns necessary to make a proper evening's entertainment out of it, and the show had a record run of four nights, playing to a packed house each time. It was generally agreed that a good time was had by all.

Honesty.

Senator Harding did not wait for the Democrats to dig into his record. He came out promptly and honestly and denied the flattery story that he was born in a log cabin. Thus the Harding legend which was taking such a beating in the press was saved.

What Senator Harding has not denied is that he used to play the horn with the boys in the home-town band. This item is too well established for the Democrats to refute, and it will not only make him solid with the home-town boys generally, but it indicates that the senator is a man skilled in the use of harmony, and probably able to extract from the united Republican a grand ensemble sounding in one sweet accord.

NOTE TO READERS: In there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? You know, in this time of the year, it is a very important thing to know your name. It is a very important thing to know your name. It is a very important thing to know your name.

NOTE TO READERS: In there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? You know, in this time of the year, it is a very important thing to know your name. It is a very important thing to know your name. It is a very important thing to know your name.

NOTE TO READERS: In there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? You know, in this time of the year, it is a very important thing to know your name. It is a very important thing to know your name. It is a very important thing to know your name.

PAIN REMAINS IN SPAIN.

Second-class Scout—if germs come from Spain and parasites come from Paris, what comes from Ireland? Tenderfoot—Search me.

Second-class Scout—Mike Crooked-Box Life.

OFF!

Jack Say Artie, this freetracker won't go off. Artie—That's funny. It went off all right a minute ago.—Box Life.

BRINGING UP FATHER

—By George McManus

Copyright 1920 by International News Service.

OH, LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

SAY, MAGGIE, ISN'T THERE ANY SOFT FEELING THAT PIANO?

YOU MAKE ME SICK. I WANT PROOF THAT LIVES UP STAIRS TO HEAR HIS VOICE. HE'S A TEACHER AND LOVES MUSIC.

IF HE'S ALIVE, HE CAN HEAR IT.

I'D LOVE TO MEET HIM TO HEAR WHAT HE THINKS OF MY VOICE.

I'LL GO UP AND ASK HIM IF I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM.

HE MOVED OUT THIS MORNING!!

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'—By Briggs

Copyright 1920 by the Tribune Association (New York Tribune)



WHEN, AS A TRAVELLING MAN YOU HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH FIERCE HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS

AND ALL KINDS OF DISCOMFORT ON RAILROADS

-AND YOU ARE PLAYING IN HARD LUCK IN GETTING ORDERS FROM BUYERS

AND THEN ONE DAY YOU UP AND BUY A TICKET FOR THE HOME TOWN

OH-H-H-H-BOY!! AIN'T A GR-R-R-RAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?

TA TATA TYA

HOME JAMES

BRIGGS

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

Girl Cannot Believe Boys Told to Wait

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I want you to try to explain to me why I cannot believe men. I am 19 and did not start going with them until last year. I just cannot believe anything they tell me.

I have been going with one boy eight months and can not believe him any more today than I could the day I met him. Do you think I will ever learn to love a man? I had a lot of fun with him, but I had a lot of trouble. I had a lot of fun with him, but I had a lot of trouble. I had a lot of fun with him, but I had a lot of trouble.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have a woman friend who married a widower some years ago. As she is a kind friend, I thought I would ask you for some advice. She owned a little farm and they live on it. But her husband is letting it go to ruin. He does not seem to care for his wife. He has three children, but they are all step-children. What would you do?

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have a woman friend who married a widower some years ago. As she is a kind friend, I thought I would ask you for some advice. She owned a little farm and they live on it. But her husband is letting it go to ruin. He does not seem to care for his wife. He has three children, but they are all step-children. What would you do?

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have a woman friend who married a widower some years ago. As she is a kind friend, I thought I would ask you for some advice. She owned a little farm and they live on it. But her husband is letting it go to ruin. He does not seem to care for his wife. He has three children, but they are all step-children. What would you do?

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have a woman friend who married a widower some years ago. As she is a kind friend, I thought I would ask you for some advice. She owned a little farm and they live on it. But her husband is letting it go to ruin. He does not seem to care for his wife. He has three children, but they are all step-children. What would you do?

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have a woman friend who married a widower some years ago. As she is a kind friend, I thought I would ask you for some advice. She owned a little farm and they live on it. But her husband is letting it go to ruin. He does not seem to care for his wife. He has three children, but they are all step-children. What would you do?

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have a woman friend who married a widower some years ago. As she is a kind friend, I thought I would ask you for some advice. She owned a little farm and they live on it. But her husband is letting it go to ruin. He does not seem to care for his wife. He has three children, but they are all step-children. What would you do?

YE TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.) BY K.C.B.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

© 1920 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.